

Hemorrhaging and Goats in Auspicious Fields of Unremarkable Passing Daylight

Richard J Tilley

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rjtilley@thundermail.com
rtilley4@alumni.jh.edu

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This is Part III and completion of an arc:

Part I – Rockslide on the Garden’s Edge

Part II – The Diaspora of Moonlight Interposed

jumping rivers, denoting the passages

there were saturated windows on the headframe of our gusts
landfill jealousy with a bruised eye holding the only trophy
vacant sour crops like camps under the timber cosmos
the anxiety priest graduated from the ashtrays
like solidified, solemnified surroundings for harp judges
where no wasted starts or beginnings trail jubilees
brothers and sisters in doubt over crying dry wells
no family trees bunked with brotherly love or sailings
no weather cries, no camping austerity for mystery travels
just memories of youth jumping trains beside the river
where the cameras and company denote the passages
parched memory of old candles, brisk mornings, haunting

wheel-wrights within wheel-wrights; gusts under the temporal strains

storming goals like carbine ashen medicine
a break apart from the wasted and hands-folded corsetière
misplaced Toarcian in summer paces
never meant to destroy our backs against the wind
but docile enough to plead guilt to an unexpected afterlife

antiquity miles from venture settlements
there was doorstep company on the primitive grass
I never had one single conversation with God
on what to expect in the existence yet to be
all were assumptions on that one segment of bright cascades

it is easy to know what God wants today
while we are alive we know, but if there is an everlasting soul
we should be in tune with a sense of expectedness
we should have an equal amount of wisdom literature on the afterlife
it is unwritten so far, at least from Abrahamic traditions

this bone of contrite derision shows we need distance
distance in time, distance in literature, away from Abrahamic constructs
my unwritten, unspoken, unknown God has kept the nature of afterlife from me
there is no spark in my imagination that can converse of this theme
“you can ask,” God tells me, but where do I start after all this time

“You can ask”

“It is a place a healing”
Are we conscious? “Yes, you are”
“This is not the type of thing you should be sharing,
I am no longer your unwritten, unspoken, unknown God”
“You will be grieving all the days of your life.
The end will not come as soon as you’d life.”
“If there is a faster way to get here, you can’t take it.”
I am weak and exhausted. “And so you will be.”
windstorms under the heat
body and mind breaking flat
“It hasn’t arrived yet.”

lamentation for less than three people

if my dreams are answered and contemplated
and I leave this stolid, ruthless, and murderous planet
sooner rather than later, if there is such a thing as mercy,
I will miss less than three people, less than three from a lifetime,
less than three souls of hopeful wisdom, with love in their hearts,
that ever showed compassion or understanding or tried

I will testify to God and what powerful entities accompanying
the condition of my experiences, my history, and symptoms
in this long and expansive life, already endured far too long,
the contours of which have been cruelty, caged and abused,
which have given me a full range of forgetting more than I should
of a life lived and interactions expansive and not ever desired

I would like to think the sober testimony
of my own experiences might be actionable,
I do long for some response, some consequence,
though that should not be read with short contrast
as a direct punishment, not that it would be uncalled for,
there are segments of social orders that seem to dare it to happen
there are various U.S. subgroups that even feel they deserve it
but above all, let us start first and with adroit determination
those within the medical profession, the supposed wise carers,
let God visit them quickly, let God change the infrastructure --
even more importantly, let God get me out of here quickly
let me sleep and wake to spirits that conquer all forced endurance

Rappelling

glaciers chipping on and off Humphreys Peak
sparse misdirected Birdcage Evening Primrose
twelve steps from a caved in fire miles from camp
never were there rewards that aspired nocturnal

liuedis marking horizontal and continuously upright, citified, and assigned conscious

Charlyn Marie Marshall is giving skin to God
and finding trimmed harps to bring into the heavens
no matter how grace is configured, conjectured, or still,
there are douses of criminal passages to saintliness

Let there be no mention of the cornered or pliant
cordial drawers of fog stunting flowers of blame,
low temperature gazing at the plaque ridden streets
aired by forgotten stars of the night of a dozen raining fleets

Marshall keeps secrets through visible marks,
just liues and actions of furnished eye windows,
the perforated demarcation of one's sight separated
by tossing and the backing of Her wistfulness

[One of aiming, sinking aural signature, duskish,
subdued trying, that need not bend the observant
decorations of consciousness, trailing automotive
ignited flecks where there were no faces brewed,
no right-way passing that tethered here or there
but the ballycater scrimmage of rhythmic ascendance]

Waiting on the laundry pitch-taker out of context

Where the telephones face the mud rattling
starry in the pleasant in-skies cornered
land of ghosts forming around cement
tattling on soft ground, rehearsed arbitration

Catered dimensions do not frighten the mildew
or the eclampsia candlelight soft trays at dawn
never to be witnessed like crumbled sand-toilets
calling from desolate shouts at the TV mallets

Here we have life going on in saintly atrophy
tuxedo'd metaphors condemning the palace
never take out a loan to pay the soft wages
never take an express train to impress wreaths
Just newly censored and practical fomenting suits
doctoring the catapult-first-class restraining pipes

Unremarkable

The unremarkable leather in the tall grass
befriends his face in the long outings
with tarnished sand appraisals
and group therapy

bemoan the last of rejections
so few in dismay of the other passing
rejoice for seasons's patterns
under alabaster autumn footsteps

Too few that would rejoice
perhaps a matter or two
or the racket ball in the sand
that becomes a doorknob

the half life of regret is 10 years
the remarkable part of me is scoped with fear

Calendar of Hope

There is not detergent in the waste
manufacturing docile hope for magnets
crude and dispelled waste jungle
so careful to lean from appraisals

Bring him to this century
Bring her to this century
to the low hanging decks
and sandwich ruins
the clouded caste foresaw
the empathy of her girth
the girth of her empathy
and the silent rainbow
gathering dust in the kitchen
as a silent rainbow does
always uniting, near frighteningly

Dress rehearsal for Martian kitchens

we are too elusive for the dove enclosure
too free not to make a stump
like the well traveled ashtrays
they are all guilty on Mars
there is no science on Mars
it is an absolutists paradise
bent on concave pages
too sore for the tongue
too breadened for stipend cages

Dormir

He flutters with his ashtray
like sands wandering down the gallows
too crept to seize the attorney
too digested to adhere to new days

He alleviates the safest parting, these,
for glory buckets in tired iron curtains
so said for what wasted journeys
too reluctant to start back to tomorrow

He did not waste these patterns
on some ice cube tray or morning hymn
but rested and found a soft spot
for remagnetized displacement
and tattered through the golden bough
mother's last song for years of acquaintance

Allon

Retreat, to the old gold bough
on furnaced lengthen legs of surplice dew
He is unsituated behind the terebinth,
below strange tongues with filament chapped lips
fencing two kisses on Ophra's populated streets.

Unto you paradise is opened
I will be lasting in the small places. Go there, engulf your
limber eyes, your shoulders supple and vindicated on sui generis planes.

Your memories that are marching, inviting a cell enclave,
do not breath strange tongues for orchestrated lips,
they are deigning and laughing in stolen rivers seeing might.

Hatch through your chest to the hallowed bonds
denoting fair play on humble balcony chains
where pendant jewels exercise prosodic light.

Where there were two of us only I remain.
Excluded by her faithless denial in the systemic flowering
of localized passing and giving for life stanzas of fixed bars
under borrows clefs. Where claims of authenticity are strained
within the anonymity of the stolen timbre of this space.

Is it not my intention to impress upon you motivations for water,
but for you to find me here brushing silhouettes on tired curtains
swallowing salt pills and seeking God for the contours of your remedy.

punctuation for the kicked and tired

there where God is singing
across a broken tune
verses of appeasement
like glory on masts
and pepper sprayed gift notes
to a lonely and confused mother

Exertion on maple coats

those maple coats
in the streets with their families

they think they are teaching
they are actually irresponsible

parents dragging youth to war zones
the public being unreliable for change

change does not dance on a vote --
overthrowing the intellectual leader

and partitioning the dacha noise
like Julia Jacklin retrieving a picture

you must decide that victory is totality
localism is the only saving metropolis

localism as degrowth draws its lines
degrowth with shared homemade soap bars

begging to under-sheath community farms
maple coats democracy wants us to work

boxed clouds stoning the recipient

when the clouds stone the participant
the glory of holy passages untried
the un-listening to Her voice in the commons
She sprinkles raincoats to the masts
there She costs a million dollars to query
or so they have you believe, nesting,
like SpaceX dropping satellites on farms
the public will not be spared from their overcoats
please join me in listening to the subconscious signature
we will each have direction under gusts
of boxed-in clouds stoning the procedure

like ghosts on a fountain wheel
where Carter got his charm
and lakes peek over the dotted line
tonight will be a terror
appeasement for safety saves no one
the temple in your mind
hears Her calling if only for me
keep your clothing loose like innocence
tear money only for community survival
the bottoming out will rely on you
calm under catastrophe, then hear Her

It's a revolution of appraisal

This word: an obsessive tick
a long pause to the beat streets
and solitary rhythms of diamond astucity
window grace like the palms
of oily residue left between
your doormat and my withering hymns

It's a revolution of appraisal
how long do I pillow talk
with revolution, like a cast iron puppy
so lost in the steam of the engine,
pane; so wet and sweet like dog iron
come to the desire and let's abandon
monetary study of the dress of cooks

How long until you note this word
like light beams into your attic
where automotive fingers light
the doorway of autumn dreams
and solitary attire dispelling; light
in the ashtray for hope
the citizen's hope
the citizen's flair
do not wear flair for the revolution
its cause is dismissed and archaic

It's a revolution of appraisal
now the tool kit is done
completely adrift
the startled sun

Rotary Mastery

From the position of a rotary
these are lines and spigots
that dwell and decrease
for tattered angles
that lift the curls
from her limber eyes

From the position of a rotary
the master exceeds the temporal clutch
held inside the furnace
for the temple distilled gaze
or for an accent, nose to nose
(dis)membered underneath more curtains
fixated on crime

From the position of a rotary master
now excludes the doorbell possessions
in crate episodes eclipsed under the sun
soothing noon parallel moon suits
sorting the timid time of her dispersal
and smuggling with noon waves of disaster

Promethazine Blues

You wake at all hours of the night
shaking, convulsing, sternal and cold
I try to cleanse myself of you
in a scolding hot shower

distant pain drops shelter you hold
in my conscious waking mind
too sensitive to hold dear
too much an artifact to hold too long

I will make it without you happily
you were a temporary hold, a left over
not seen for days, I will forget you
now, to my tired hands, warn my back up
Give me a fish to deliver to the quarantined sink
give me rainbow ash to dispose across the brook

Kingdoms, They Fall

outsized by the Saudi Arabia of the west
neural intoxication and inflamed joints smolder
like an octopus smiling on a frigid park bench
dulcimer weddings in widow chime hell
like a parent wailing over a lost pet
too docile in the dark of ethereal bounty

Down the dulcimer hammer

working joints bending to abrasion
like sick puppies in your lower back
your mind bought and under construction
from a corporate alliance unconcerned with plasticity
shattered limbic system on patrol in the orphan streets
here there is no such thing as camouflage

your dated hour tilting in opposition
like a spouse who demands to control you
and take from you everything you have
past the point of sanity of joined witnesses
where God can find you in the plows
that all the peoples shun with their honor

of life's apprentices

do not inherit the wind
of the mighty gum tree.
Try to accelerate my dominion stone
for the apricot endorsement
of my labors,
like a tossed, rustic fiber
of encampment
towards the joy of life's apprentices.

The solitary fire esteems
the loose journey
like the fiber of installed
sentimental being, camped for culture
and the relented
to the soil of embraced endeavors.
All for the smile
of rustic green grass sounds and steel.

of life's apprentices II

they steal the wind
and they take the land
possession on independence day
possession of the trees and the tide
for the witnesses of matrimony
of ownership and sensual regression
and the solitary stand
of mother's lost whispers

Vinculum Repair Drone

The host of the Broward bazaar
takes notes in the classroom
without being violent
although he is not perturbed
as a solitary island

He is ruffled on mainfrays
and a stem in the silence
a musical note
for the resemblance of the times
drifting on islands
that are not so astute
he grafts the bezel drone
before he refutes

drifting on mainfrays before the tossed, poised island
he resorts to a king that is nowhere near without

Oh, the great whale tears

Sharpening the illusion
of storm drains in heaven
like tailored snowdrifts
and reified rocky caps

tell me of something true
beyond the constructs of gravity
and water and matter
if only we could wed the cosmos

I have nowhere to go
but to return to whale tears
where even the angels forget me
though I know God will still talk

believing nothing while still hearing God
is a maelstrom inside a teardrop
like satellites around Vegas cautionaries
contributing to sailing shoes and parking
there was never a foggy midst
not under the whale's belly
and God's unforgetful tone

fishing for neither capsule of the house

connecting phones to Mocking Birds
where patronage is spoken out loud
like tatted land broken in chains
feathered pain reminding me of keys
 your piano did not alter the subterfuge
 the waiting walking back to the ground
 like drugs in a blizzard under steel ails
 drinking the last sixes of bruises
if only I could pair alone like timorous stairs
bureaucrats cutting into each other's twitched eyes
 now come the slow binding of stand ads
 pieces where formalism and order take all
 drowns slightly among the neighborhood guests
 positivism and commodity fetish scrambled post-lines
teaching dancers and contour fathers the echoes of drift
 where neither stomping or localism could dream beyond
 the only indicator of pledged directions away from finance
is a key of abolishing violence while education stands reborn

Moral Compression

Moral compression, like morning depression
is a frustrating guest, all abated in time
of winnowing circuit boards along
ashtrays of condescending rhythms
of time stamps, tailing romance
of the older stay.

Do Not (Remedies)

Do not confuse
being at peace with yourself
with being righteous

Do not confuse
confidence
with competence

Do not confuse
knowledge
with knowing

theft and being used

People find me useful
someone to take from
but not worth rewarding
not worth a response

I do not have popular attraction
but am a wealth of information
for people to determine it was
their own ideas and inspiration

This is not new
there is a long tradition
of theft and being used
but I know one day that will not be true

Eventually someone
will discover my extended influence
and even then will not know
the full extend or reach

It is not as though
I have not noticed
I have seen it all
it is everywhere always

Ableism leaves me robbed
configured and not able to witness
my remarks on creative insight
and boring intelligence sold

28 years

Damnation is flashing heroin you were
inadvertently given as a form of punishment
while you are wildly high in the sky on a large,
climbing tree limb swing endowed with apt nature.

“Did you see?” you might think, but it was all
you thought that was the illusion.

You were never getting an afterlife for your suffering.

Cat Clyde is Going to Change the World

universes come and go
across the oceans we know
art as revolution
revolution, that being listening
to the nature of others
the sound of conflict resolution
carrying the burden is the folk blues
brass distilled industrial microphone
that tells us how to be ourselves
with each other

the whales of circumstance
all built up to her speech
the very movement of speech
Cat Clyde will change the world
in time, the sound will glide
our selves in time with the back
tears of cages let loose
neighbors giving birth
nations crying
knowing what we have done
bring the felony to the dove
the armed forces home to seat

Without a partition to confess to or a country to escape to

rule of law is smoking in the hotel bathroom
rooks and kings on south street douse the wedding
gasoline fabric and hundred dollar bills attest
where can the cops be found but watching aloft
down from the scope of a tank on central road
family time is important, smiles, flowers, salmon
porch light with iced tea wearing whiskey polos
crass on the crying frame of emotive polit-gedy

parks and posts

you cannot forge a relationship
with pedestrian clouds, these post free things
financially consumed by fear like summers's apt
going to buy bones for lost parks
new windmill skin like a tinted post
do not illegally park your \$4 limousine
in front of the patches of familial tides

wading through the cash flow of associated circumferences

breathing soaked inflamed pictures of last parroting essence
where has-been gas masks count subaltern folds like a doorpath
never leaving home or shelter for fear of losing the sting of music
resting your hair on quiet breathing, again, just a memory folded
never to be left without your shoes scattered in lost sand, indivisible
here she quakes with pillowing smoke not that they were sacred
but perhaps defensible given the statements made on cosmic trays

The missing template of feasts

There was a rose today, an oblong garden
mesmerizing along the gestapo artery
to the temptations of feasts

There was no apple pattern
no rigid ties to dispel lost journals
no, just a dying ashtray to sleep in the sun

Do not be afraid of the mail, they say
just the approaching lover
and the promises that alter our being

like laundering tribunal

we are ruled by those
who coordinate and believe
we must face a tribunal
for holistic rejuvenation
that our tired souls
are not but to use simply wake
like laundering and breathing out
into the sun
for god

I don't leave comments on your willows

I do not leave comments
on your willows
family heart
loot direction
this pattered set
or appraised punishment
for all lost journals
take by the stand
this tired persuasion
this matted edge
torn by thieves
and stomached
by a wage mother
all leading debts
forgotten, real,
or imagined

Commercial Breaks

you cannot be holy
just between
commercial breaks
your market's garden
with old tools
on high residue
running for all spirits
to enter the deposit
then spell a rose

The oberration of cullers of dreamed horses

There a long time ago before any of us were here
there was a dream that planted our hunting and cultivation
on the backs of oberrant horses seizing along the fortitude
of scapegoat mountains along a crest of envy and patrimony

now that you are older you hear the tune that died
in their shoes desperation of royal liberal arts camouflaged
sacrosanct profusions of fire and rest, digging away, in a spell
humans wearing horseshoes, not a sign of infection
or spooling radiance along the past-wind cultured grass
the peeling gas mask of arch-able reprisal not feathered in wind

just ecosystems of borders in time, wearing wigs of statues
like radial clocks dismissive of the fallout where stoneware
leaves too many smaller demons defeated and left in the desert
on the way to short pastures, on the way to clean surfaces

remaining housed

There the cracked shed lost its door
no longer a crevice for smoking aunts
it billowed past fog stalled in the window
just jam and harmonicas stealing comfort
like lazy postured armies too safe to take the wind
a daydream sink way of hemorrhaging and goats
stealing, not asking, for camera equipment
romantic steps promised and unwanted, the obtrusion
help bring God up to speed, we must remain housed

In capitalist and familial abusive prison

My self-sacrifice was taken advantage of like angels falling from trees
I was taken prisoner in every way forward under a tilting mayoral dusk
suffering psychological abuse for fun, just daunting the attacks from family
immobilized by terror and fear and exasperating my condition intentionally
an exhausting implosion of my symptoms, under duress all peace is equal
but as tradition goes, who would believe me, who would save my life
I am just the disabled sufferer, nothing I say is of truth or reliable
nothing can be taken as stapled to reality where daunting willows grow
the same song that has been playing most of life still hunts my hearing
for close to 30 years now, experts they are nauseous with punishing
at leaving you with the threat of locking you into suits of noncompliance
forced into an unwanted prism if you complain, they do not mind forcing you
the current status on your imprisonment is of little concern to the profession
or abuse and the robbing of your income, which they seek to do as well
there is no method of escape, not door out, no trembling freedom manifest
there is only the hope that I die soon, that God will have mercy and stop my heart
manipulation and charges of disbelief hound me to buses and walking highways
away from my well-intentioned sacrifice, I was a fool to ever lay down my life

Folding in several pieces

There is no more market
there are no more pasture isles
no loose boats in international waters
where marriages begin and feuds end
just a race to get to the center of Earth
like some kind of scarecrow idol
these days are made that way

the aberrant king hymn (curbs / curves)

your barbarism is a faceplate
we all know
be well on the highway
there is no one crying to kill
the aberrant king

no liking for asphalt honky-tonks
or pearl induced sweat lodges
curtailing the sanity
of feather wisdom on mules
reluctant and relaxing

no tried friend will kill
this partial king
the worse is yet to come
the worse in history
all sabre from a little man

bellies roam across Oxfordshire
still stealing fruit and hymns from mercy battering rams
still no true love among the beats
captured and contained like frying cantaloupe
the coming king will take us all down to purge
a cacophonous backspace blurb of sidetrack railways
there my God goes walking on pedestrian painted curbs / curves

pebbles and phosphate

a declaration from father joy that matters

the mature come to know me
the unstable find solace in my company
I am unfurnished so as to accommodate
large groups of many varied deliverances
but being my friend is not easy
I will grant all frames of vision
just as easily as I would grant an army
not that I intercede in your wars
except when the corrupt are unstoppable
you do not see me, though I am here
I would work for the best in your world
if only you would set down your arms
leave all bigotry behind and open up hearts
these are the days you need to support
the one sent by me to keep America straight
and to part the drifting sea of emotive turmoil
find gains in your wisdom here
find lost friends that you can count on
like favors from an angel press
even though there we do not have angels
you can free your mind to see me directly
where wires and culture-smiths buy
what love can be sold into slavery
instead bring your income to the tried
to those I have tested and passed
I will be at your door tomorrow
expect me soon and able to help

Now, when love finds you

Observing beyond the valley
a created spectrum of walking snakes
sheepishly cordial and cooperative
sketched in horseback summits
therapeutic words and tendentious skies
the enamel of worn carpets in the grass
from the house leading out to the forest
this day has come when you do not find love
instead love finds you with auspicious protection

words spoken though greased windows (that are not completely honest)

Now that everything is happening the other way
doorsteps are creeping up the towers we enter
like dice thrown at a camera on skis
denoted to keep you wrong at all hours of the night
here we petitioned the grinch to pay the price
like angels castrated in the snow

Unlike dormice equivalents traveling on gas
we did not have our wedding in a church
but instead in a classroom with hidden walls
never to be alone was our intention
but never have I felt more alone than with you
hidden in apricot fields we lost our nuptials
crying again will not hurt the flowers
but the spilt manure might start fire in your storm

To the pearls of my fellow children of the sailing elder

To the son of the everlasting
and daughters that take up wages
there will come a day
in which ashtray insights and inclinations
demur upon bleeding frets
like softmeals in the snow
of the propensity of elder craft
denoting the rhythm
of jukebox children, so inclined
to the sophistry of adolescent insight
so as to bring you out of mercury puddles

but if you believe I come free
you will find borrowed Netflix passwords
in honor of celebration
that you give what you get
your returns on the imitation of your youth
are only churches of antiquated gods
the Abrahamic religions will not free you
the Judeo-Christian propaganda holds you back
if we are to decide on a direction
we must wrestle with our preconceived notions
like a mule among escaping dogs
connected passages roam free
under the subaltern sky
like radio waves untuned and untamed

there were grocery bills for all of us
we each have senseless debt
but if you tender at resignation
among the fierce wedding registration
we will find each other
in the pores of the face of our God
so sweet and so giving
He/She/They only want what's best for us
like distracted animals crossing the road
turtles in the diametric sand space
breathing down our necks for the last time
let freedom win over capitalist troths
not just today, but forever and always
just mark today as special in your equation
and you will find me at your door again

rent and fabrication

salience and lighter fluid,
 matches crystallizing in the snow
 here we have forgotten our class
much regretted fabricative wallets
now under the ground lasting years ago

stale carpets and troubled breathing
 now a cosmic joke among traveling bands
 once the innocent have gathered near,
stop pretending to be an injunctive street
and instead pile upon the gangsters of wealth

Cut the parachute off the moon

If you were a kind person you would cut the parachute off the moon,
all possibilities, and details of duty, coalescing greed with the overtime
of dirt and hand braided bags left out for timid engineers on a totalitarian's
salary in defense of copper mines gambled away last Tuesday. Your filter
is your oscillating fixture unimpressed with the curtains you have ironed.

We lost the root ingredients for oxygen somewhere between the birth canal
and the grave all the while purchasing gasoline for our mini-jets and bark
burning thruster-packs. In rooms where even the booze is unattended to,
the light bends for favors from a forgetful god like a storm in the passage
that belifts towards mercy and caravans onto Monday like fires awaiting.

A nation that's greed demands that the disabled must pay their own way
is unsustainable towards the evening drive to heaven that you count as your
excuse for one-man freight-shows where most of the story is never told.
There will come a day when the cursed servants of greed will not benefit
from their seared consciences, instead only coins to purchase a boat across.

The horse is drawn

I believe when we die
our continuing spirit
is granted a complete
clarity of conscience

we fully realize the evil
we have done and if
we have not accepted it
in this temporary life
we are immersed with shame
and the hurt of having hurt others,

to a point of suffering
this idea has been seen
long ago and was the origin
of the concept of repentance

but the concept of repentance
was weaponized
to the point of ineptitude
and strolling residual feasts,
power-taking is all that remained
of this idea, power and control

Prince Cellophane and the Trot Laughter of Cellulose in the Water

tripping on the esteem of Elephants,
like dank plastic demarcated lines
foiled upon entry to the promise land
these teased fomenting diatribes or salt and regret

do not accelerate the rhythm
like trees practicing celibacy under the camouflage of night
wicked translocation, drifting up to a celebrated story
now burnt towns at the outposts of darling retrieval

retrieval for ghosts and native forgiveness
unlike any other spatter of upbringing
an adult in the pain of the memories of slavery
too immersed in the poetry of liberty that speaks to poverty

just once more will we fill our hearts with regret
to the disabled we have naturally denied of ourselves
because we were never taught to accept ourselves
never seen ourselves as victim in class warfare,
now the puppets are drawn waist-deep
and the enemy more clear than ever for saddening grips

Dear Caliper of Heaven's Sprightly Tuned Heartbeat

We have driven from the mountains
to the sea of foraging regret
 now a tunnel to the land of ancients
 for now endowed with my intelligence,
my directed insight, taken as night stands
 saving Tomberlin's second album
 for when we arrive and crash on God's couch

Taking various pedal boards
 across the coin purse sea
feeling anaesthetically survivable
 hurting within vision when attempting to focus
 do not worry about vision in the seeing law
God will see for both of us

just recall the last loving moment
your share domestique powder sheds
 grasping at otarine gestures, shoveled
 one last prescription for mesmerized spirits
 onerous encapsulation that might tie

The resolution of the saints

Forget the timekeeper of the spindle bearing
bombs of milk and honey, let it go,
Let us entrap gratitude for the journey
we have known, instead of the now,
Let us not let the sun go down
on the present moment without action
That emulates the protest of the defense
and anger towards the present moment

Like lilac dreaming, we are not alone
among the flowers in the field,
We are not alone among the bees
and concealed garden snakes,
Hunting the great parade, forever
in conquest of the labored journey,

Always in metered nomadic dispensation
for lost tribal elders taking their place
like one in matrimony with God, with the Forever moment
of tempered logic that abstains from misguided passions

Sobriety of thought is a form of protest,
one that does not give way
To the wayward dismissal that comes in opposition
to the resolution of the saints, coming
After us, before us, and beside us,
like three pairs of honeycomb gestures, three hares,
They have seen themselves out of the picture,
and for very good reason,
Allow them a place to return,
among the paths where the flowers grow
And where the standstill moments
have no pressure to withstand their presence

Never wise to imprisoned flowers

Shortening limbic equators like slighted tossing belts
unto the aerosol predilections strengthened by chided proposals
never again into the weaving nest of hornets displayed on billboards
here and around a motel frequency that dots across county lines

there is something left for her here, in this partitioned memory
sticking out among the foraged rosemary leaves and bottled up time
like pestering ropes of grapes that leashes could not bear
but along the saddles and rose harmonies there arose figures left to mention

Stoss-and-lee fathers on the buredely metric frequent stalls of pearl horses
stationed on counting tassel ducks to peel off the wedding porch
there was one less of mine own to aid in the proper acquiescence
never lifting a finger to the cord of malaise and imprisoned flowers

sought solely within their own petitioned grace to relieve themselves
with that goal in mind, forgetting who it was they were to care for
forgetting who it was they were to consider in so many moments
though not asking much, they will leave their muddy ocean juice for friends

turns out their anxiety translated and overcome does not leave gold behind
no, we are better off without them, singing in the gallery like impatient fortunes
to this once was the day that porters of the mind grafted unto our silver coats
flagging down our spiritual assailant where fields of victory did not savor

sternglas mecha-quartz counting towards my last thoughts

A cobbler in Hamburg thinking of the perfect way
that I might keep track of my last moments on Earth
passing past God, who does not want me to die
I foresee my body giving out sooner than God would like

I apologize to my friend that I must leave the terrain
this windy aptitude does not tend to my joints or organs
the thinner warm water never finds me alone
the throne of possessed fabulous alters of delusions

the might brings me towards a dram of tamed bears
to a mule I rode towards Russia years ago in a dream
thought perfectly on time and early for the new day
pretty polly never gave me a pill to relieve my aches
here we gain wisdom of the laughter of final brazes
coals replacing my eyes will soon enough dry to ash

grace to lie fallow

moisture in the crevices

never take a day to rise

among the capitalist words

messengers in the wind of imagination

graves imposed on another

firm lattice never donned a rope

southern passages removed and aligned

Springfield bible lessons

with a fracturing imposition to shaved runs

glowing in the summer day heat

Debt and the Creation of Myth

cutthroat politics
oppression of women and girls
assault on the starving stealing bread

breakfast for the cook most in favor
the town leaders admonish
stragglers and saints of patience

stay unsung and die
these patterns and patterns
wheels left roadways

if you have come here
you have figured out He/She/They
is watching you talk to birds